



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - SPRING 2010

'Oh to be in England, now that April is there'. Robert Browning - *Home thoughts from Abroad.*

Dear Friends,

After such a protracted and bitter winter how welcome is the warmth of the spring sunshine of recent days. Seldom have we so longed for the arrival of April, the first sighting of a newly arrived swallow and the blossom on the ancient Bramley. I write just hours after our airports have been re-opened following the Icelandic volcanic eruption and its dust cloud, days before the General Election and weeks before the World Cup in South Africa (not to mention the Newmarket Guineas meeting and the Epsom Derby). How can anyone ever complain that life is boring? And if it is difficult to admire and respect many of our politicians or footballers, at least the horses are unreservedly splendid and handsome creatures!

In truth, this edition of the Newsletter has proved a particularly difficult one to produce. I try to set before my readers a blend of fond and happy remembrance, factual news and humour tempered, inevitably, by the sad content of our obituary section. As everyone will already know, two distinguished thespians whose theatrical careers began on the stage in Big School many years ago passed away within months of one another, namely Richard Todd and Lionel Jeffries. Several other much loved Winburnians have also left us in recent times. In order to strike some sort of satisfactory balance in this edition I have decided to carry forward the obituary of Richard Todd to our Christmas Newsletter, an action I trust will offend no one in our company.

As ever I express my gratitude to all my fellow Committee members and contributors for their support, not least the indefatigable Derek Stevens whose heroic efforts in collecting and displaying our memorabilia deserves the warmest praise. Derek has supplied some invaluable photographs for this edition.

In conclusion, I send my greetings to everyone of our members, wherever you may be. As always, our glasses will be raised at precisely 2pm on the afternoon of our next gathering, Saturday, July 3. If you cannot be with us in person, then do join us as we remember 'Absent Friends'. Best of all though, come along and join the fun. Your presence will be greatly valued - you will not be disappointed, I promise.

Your most 'umble servant,
Alan R. Bennett

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

Saturday, 3rd July, 2010
Saturday, 27th November, 2010
Saturday, 2nd July, 2011
Saturday, 17th December, 2011

THE WINTER REUNION 2009

The following is a list of those members (their spouses and friends, where known) who attended. Wherever possible, I have included the maiden names of our lady members (with thanks to Alan Maitland).

Alan Bennett, Reginald Booth and guest Alice Booth, Jim Brewster and guest Denise Brewster, Wendy Bundy (née Baker) and guest Brian Bundy, Paul Burry, Eunice Carnall (née Chadd), Roderick Cheese, Robin Christopher, Mervyn Coombs and guest Rosemary Coombs, Robert Copelin, Desmond Cox, Peter Cox, John Dacombe, John Dare, Peter Douch and guest Jack Douch, Joyce Downton, Faith Elford (née Hawes) and guest John Elford, Dr. Tony Elgar, Mervyn Frampton, John Froud and guest Maureen Froud, Gerald Froud and guest Rosemary Froud, Brian Glover, Janet Gordon (née Daniels), Tony Gould and guest John Raymond, Dr John Guy, Lawson Hall, Bill Haskell, Sue Hatherley (née Bush), Len Hawker and guest Dot Hawker, John Hill, Geoff Hill and guest Zen Dotimas, Rod Hurt, Carolyn Kamcke (née Walking), Patrick Keeping, Anne King (née Wall), Susan Lawrence, Eric Leeson, Elizabeth Longman (née Brewster), Alan Maitland and guest June Maitland, Ron Mansfield, Patricia Marshall (née Unsworth), Carolyn Martin (née Rodgers) and guest David Martin, Kenneth Moody, Michael Morris, Victor Moss, Jennifer Moss (née Day), Diana Moss (née Anderson), Sue O'Connor (née Froud) and guest John Coombes, Peter Pardy, David Park, Brian Pearce, Len Pearce and guest Diana Pearce, Roy Perry and guest Patricia Perry, Donald Phillips, Graham Powell and guest Hazel Powell, Terry Randall, Richard Read, Betty Read (née White) and guests Dale Clements and Jenny Clements, Gordon Richards and guest Nesta Richards, Brian Richmond, Ann Richmond (née Mitchell), Ray Scott and guests Hilary Noble and Anne Sweeney, Frank Shears and guest Elsie Shears, Roy Sheppard and guest Betty Sheppard, Kenneth Smart, Rodney Smith, Derek Stevens, Ken Taylor, John Taylor and guest Jill Taylor, Monica Vacher (née Brown), Norman Waterman, Geoffrey Welch, Stanley White and guest Greta White, Prof Bob White, Helen White (née Filcher), Robert Williamson, Eddie Wood and guest Jose Wood, Beryl Wythers (née Moreton).

Apologies received from:

Maurice Herridge, David Roberts, Rex Breach, Tony Leigh, Tony Porter, John Singleton, Andy Cooper, Janet Coy, Brian Evans and David Fripp.

NEW MEMBERS JOINING THE OLD WINBURNIANS DURING THE LAST YEAR.

Peter Ball (59-66), Michael Brown (61-67), Alan Wright (59-66), Pamela Dianne Green (née Hoare)(54-61), Miss Sheryl Robson (65-70), Dick Warner (55-62), Arthur White (43-48), Steven Young (67-72), Alan Crumpler (53-58), Dale Clements, Frederick Hetherington-Smith (36-41).

ARE THERE ANY MEMBERS WITH CLASSIC CARS?

The committee would like to know if there are any members with classic cars who would be prepared to bring them along to the next reunion to make a small display. Paul Burry has already said he would be willing to bring his MG along. The display would be in a secure area outside the Cobham Social Club and would make an interesting feature at the reunion. If anyone is interested in this please ring Alan Maitland on 01258 837235 or email asmaitland@aol.com

ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|---|
| Chairman | Tony Gould | 1 Manor Farm Cottages, Tolpuddle DT2 7ES |
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QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL, 2010

SHORT REPORT OF THE MEETING WITH ANDY PUTTOCK

An informal meeting of some of our Committee with Mr Andy Puttock (Headmaster of QE School) was held on Monday 1st February 2010 at QE.

Those present were Mr. Andy Puttock, Tony Gould, Ken Moody, Pat Keeping, Len Pearce and Carolyn Kamcke.

Mr Puttock told us that permission was only granted for the re-building of the school on the understanding that the "present school" be demolished and the car park ripped up, returning an area equal to that taken up with the "new build" to nature. However, the Drama Hall will be included in the new-build and the Leisure Centre will stay. In answer to LP, Mr Puttock gave us his assurance that the various memorial trees would not be harmed in any way. He also said that when finished the present school/car park would be laid out similar to a university campus. He also said that several pupils met with the architects and were closely involved in the design. One item which was brought out was that the architects said that once the students entered the school, they need not go outside and the students promptly told him that was unacceptable, so the plans were changed. I found this very encouraging and forward thinking of Mr Puttock. The catchments area of QE covers 150 sq. miles and the school sits in the south west corner of it. Whilst it stretches as far as Sixpenny Handley and the Wilts/Hants border to the north and east, it ends at the Bournemouth/Poole Boundary to the south and west. He told us that there were 1458 pupils plus about 100 teaching staff and about 100 specialised and non-teaching support staff.

The school became a Specialist Sports College in 2003. This enables them to provide high quality P.E. and sport in the school as well as developing sport in the community. However, this is not achieved at the expense of the normal academic subjects. This sport/academic formula develops their leadership skills.

There is a fully inclusive area of the school which is solely used by "Post 16" students. This gives a wide range of courses for students of all abilities and gives them a good start for life after school. An average of 70% go on to university. There were facilities for one-to-one tuition for those who have learning difficulties, but they stay with others in the main stream.

Mr Puttock said that 4 services were held in the Minster - Commemoration (in October), End of Year, Easter and Christmas. There were also 6 Communion Services per year - 4 at QE and 2 in the Minster. Carolyn said that when she was at QEGS pupils who wanted to attend Communion at their local church before school on Commemoration Day. Some of those at the meeting stated an interest in attending the Commemoration Services. This will be put on a future committee agenda.

The meeting ended by being taken up to a staff room, overlooking the new-build and having various rooms pointed out although the building was still in skeleton form. In the reception of QE is a rather impressive slate tablet commemorating the 500th anniversary of the founding of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School.

KEN MOODY (1947-53)

OLD WINBURNIAN REMINISCENCES

I attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School from November 1947 to July 1949. My grammar school education had commenced at Bournemouth from where my parents moved to Ferndown bringing me into the Wimborne school's catchment area.

As 'Fishy' Maiden commented somewhat sarcastically, "Lace might shine at English and History but not much else - as far as sport is concerned." Mind you, I had my moment of glory. Being extremely short-sighted, almost blind, without my extremely thick glasses and cursed with an almost complete lack of co-ordination, I was a danger to myself and others on the rugby field while soccer was almost another hostile environment, but I just about coped with cricket. For cricket I was habitually placed in the 'left-overs' eleven. One summer sports afternoon, when it was my turn to bat, a small miracle occurred. I swung wildly at the ball and to my amazement connected for four. The next ball and bat hit leather again; three runs this time. Meanwhile a couple of first eleven 'goodies' strolled by. They stopped and stared, completely taken aback at the sight of 'Shoe Lace' actually performing. But, make no mistake, I was just as amazed as they. Miraculously the next ball connected too - for another four. At the end of that over I was as caught out but no matter I had impressed the 'goodies' and I was pressed to join the first team for their next game. How could I refuse? Well, I should have done. The week following my first team debut, I was back with the 'left-overs.'

Other memories of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School include: 12 December 1947, the wonderful film of Henry V with Laurence Olivier shown in the school hall and, conversely, the most boring play I have ever sat through in my whole life. *She* (Joan of Arc off-stage) *Passed Through Loraine* - as far as I am concerned she needn't have bothered. I also recall a maths master (luckily I cannot remember his name) whose totally arcane and inept method of teaching put me off the subject for life and a biology/science master (again I cannot remember his name) one of the can-only- scrawl-on-the blackboard-and-not-much-else brigade who conned us with an exam paper that I swear he gave to the wrong class because I couldn't recognize a single one of his questions. And then there was the school bus, or the scheduled bus that ran between Ferndown and Wimborne. This was often unruly and I frequently returned home with some other boy's cap. One first-year boy had a sandy-coloured school satchel that never seemed to leave his back. It would hang over his bus seat behind him. One day the temptation proved too much and one joker, sitting behind him, sawed through the satchel straps so that it parted company with its owner when he stood up to leave the bus.

I remember that we were given a bus pass that allowed free travel on Saturdays as well as schooldays. How often I remember using this to go to Wimborne's Tivoli cinema on Saturdays. One such trip caused me no little embarrassment. It was school Sports Day but I was sorely tempted by an Errol Flynn film. Flynn won hands down.

Imagine my embarrassment when one day the following week 'Fishy' Maiden, who was our form master, congratulated the whole class saying that he had heard that every one of us had entered an event on Sports Day and then proceeded to ask us what we had done. Being of a quiet disposition, I banked on 'blending with the scenery', reckoning that nobody would have noticed me. So I lied that I had entered a race but not succeeded. To my relief, 'Fishy' seemed satisfied and the questioning moved on.

To this day, my interest in films and film music and music continues. From Ferndown my parents moved to Nottingham where I completed my grammar school education. I made my career in marketing, subsequently heading up my own PR agency in Sussex specializing in computing and communications. As I neared retirement age, a second career opened up, and I now write and lecture on classical musical appreciation. I returned to Bournemouth some six months ago at the age of 71.

IAN LACE (1947-49)

CONFESSIONS AND WARNINGS -THE ROAD TO HELL

'She reads lazily without bothering to follow the meaning. She must correct this immediately.' ARM.
(Summer Term Report 1957)

These were disheartening comments intended for a woefully shy eleven year old who was trying hard to make the transition from the Famous Five to the flamboyant antics of Long John Silver. This one-legged anti-hero's adventures with his buccaneering comrades failed to even remotely impress. She had left Junior School with the coveted English Prize and thought she knew it all. She didn't. Neither did she reckon with a certain authoritarian English teacher, nicknamed Fishy.

His very demeanour filled her with fear and his cold stare rendered her tongue-tied. It seemed unfair to her that bolder pupils who spoke up and had the courage to express their views would witness his eyes twinkle or a shadow of a smile cross his thin lips. The more light-hearted narrative poem of Hiawatha again failed to stimulate her imagination and the sing-song metre did not humour her one bit.

'Examination result poor. Much hard work necessary.'

So she tried harder. She tried to listen intently and to write more explicitly. She tried her very hardest to please the one teacher of whom she was afraid. At the end of the school year her efforts again seemed fruitless,

'Only fair progress. She must not relinquish her efforts.'

One day she could keep quiet no longer. She snapped. A brave moment indeed.

'I simply can't try any harder - you just never seem to appreciate anything I do!' Silence. A deathly silence. She blinked back the tears. Fishy rose slowly from his chair, stared at her fixedly with his steely blue eyes and said, 'My dear girl the road to hell is paved with good intentions. You would do well to remember that!' He stormed out of the room.

Little did she realise at the beginning of the 5th year that the worst was over in the English department. Mr and Mrs Bennett entered stage left - along with the arrogant but dashing Mr Darcy. At last the pulse quickened, the heart fluttered and the pen sprang into action.

'Conscientious work. She is beginning to express her ideas well.'

It must have been a devastating moment for Fishy when he met his small A level group the following September - a motley crew of four females. One beamed at him, one giggled nervously, one occasionally offered a trite remark and the shy one suddenly didn't seem quite so timid.

But amazingly some miracle seemed to have occurred during the holidays. Fishy began to smile a little, sometimes crack the odd joke and occasionally laugh. His dry stentorian tone made the Shakespearian text leap off the page and come alive. He would render Mark Anthony's speeches with gusto and chuckle at the audience's appreciation. They had never before known a teacher who would start his lesson at least five feet outside the door and continue as he came in. They witnessed his mild discomfort as they discussed Cleopatra's infidelity and Falstaff's sexuality. But at long last he seemed human to them and they duly responded.

One Friday Fishy took them to a printing works in Parkstone to observe the School Magazine being processed. They had been helping him collate material for several weeks, and eager to be free from school for the afternoon, excitedly clambered into his newish box-shaped Hillman. He drove fast. His pebble-like glasses did not appear to improve his vision too much and it was not a comfortable ride. It was late when they arrived back in Wimborne. They dashed to retrieve their belongings, eager to get home, only to see a brown envelope lying on a bench. On opening this package they discovered to their horror all the sporting and academic house notes for Glynn and Derby that had been destined to be included in the magazine. The four girls were chilled to the bone. What should they do? The answer was, in short, they did nothing. Their courage deserted them. Sadly they did not own up and the articles were unfortunately omitted from the magazine. Amazingly no one ever referred to the matter. Did anyone ever read the School Magazine?

* * * *

I can see Fishy now, donned in his grey suit and black gown, reprimanding me with 'My dear child'
I was intimidated by him until my later years at school, but he was resolutely determined we should pass our exams and we did - just! During my twenty or more years of teaching children to read, write and express themselves, (in particular the shy, and timid ones!) I have thought of our English teacher often. He is unforgettable.

As for the road to hell - I try to avoid the M25 at all costs!

BABS WYTHERS (1958 - 63)



Card supplied by
Robin Harris

THUMBNAIL SKETCH - ROBERT (BOB) WHITE - (1951-57).



Not every ex-pupil of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Wimborne, gives due credit to the school but, in his even-handed and good natured way, Bob is full of praise for the education he received there which became the springboard for development to the position where he ultimately became the Professor of Vibration Studies at the University of Southampton by the age of forty-three. In particular he credits Bill Streets and also Joe Kerswell for fostering an interest in Physics and Maths which has been the basis of his life's work.

Bob was born and brought up in Cranborne and followed his elder brother Ron (1948-53) to the school in 1951. It has to be said that he was a reasonably diligent pupil but never had the reputation of being a swot. At any rate he left school in 1957 with seven 0 levels based on scientific subjects as well as English and German.

Looking back Bob's career appears like a seamless rise to the top of the tree in aeronautical research but it was not really that way and it is easy to forget how hard it was for boys let alone girls from humble backgrounds to get on in the world. Bob freely admits that he wasn't ambitious. Immediately post-school he went to work at the Royal Aircraft Establishment (RAE) in Farnborough as a scientific assistant in the Mechanical Engineering Department where he rubbed up against graduate scientists from posh universities and he soon realised that he was able to understand concepts as well as they could. It was here that he was a flight observer (which meant that he got to fly in aeroplanes) and this fuelled Bob's lifelong interest in flying and has led to his main hobby.

Part-time day release and an ONC led on to an HNC in applied physics. He then undertook a two year course in applied physics at Farnborough College of Technology and to a graduateship of the Institute of Physics which is equivalent to an Honours Degree. He had now been promoted to Scientific Officer at the Ministry of Defence.

Bob then changed jobs and became a Research Fellow at Southampton University and there did the work for his PhD which the University awarded him in 1970. It was at this time after a prolonged period of study had come to an end he thought - why don't I develop my practical skills (acquired as a youngster in the Mechanical Engineering Department) and build my own aeroplane? He is still flying the plane he built and has been doing so for sixteen years now.

Bob decided to retire at fifty-eight at which point he had been working for forty years which he thinks is enough for anybody. One suspects that with all these scientific skills he also had a bent for organisation and administration although he is too modest to admit to these. I say this because he became Director of the Institute of Sound and Vibration Research for a few years but immediately prior to retirement moved sideways to become head of the Aeronautics & Astronautics Department, reorganised it and got it going on a sound footing again.

Bob has lived in Dorset and in Hampshire all his life and this is one of the reasons why he has been in regular attendance at OWA reunions. He and Pat have been married for a good long time and he has two step-children and a couple of very young grandchildren. Bob advises that he is learning new skills with colouring-in books at baby-sitting time and this fits in with his overall attitude to life which is that you are never too old to learn.

TONY GOULD (1951-57)

CORRESPONDENCE

BRIAN WILLIS (1946 - 52)

How delighted I was to see a mention of a school play (Iolanthe 1956 Production) in the Autumn 2009 edition of the Old Winburnians. School plays rarely get a mention in the mag. yet for me, they were the be-all and end-all of my QEGS life.

How I longed to be in the Plays. When I started at the school the show that year was "*Tobias and the Angel*". I had an audition, but no luck. Next came "*The Shoemaker's Holiday*" performed, for some unknown reason, in the WI hall behind Rodway's Garage. Auditioned but again no luck - could Motty not see the talent bursting out of me? But then the apocryphal story goes Motty had turned down Richard Todd for school plays several years before.

Then came "*She Passed Through Lorraine*" where I think I gained the exalted position of Courtier.

In 1951 the "*Elizabethan Pageant*" was held in the Rec. and I now reached the dizzy heights of 'Pie Carrier'. But still no major part. Although by this time I was deeply involved in the Wimborne Youth Group concerts and getting my monthly fix of treading the boards. To quote my Form Master's D.R. Jayne's remark in my Report book for that year . . . ". . . if he allows outside interests, worthy though they may be, to interfere with school work, his standard will go down".

Next Programme "*St Joan*" - 1950 - has me listed as 'Courtier'. I also had a part in "*Twelfth Night*" - 1951 but I have no idea what it was. However in 1952, my last year at School, I did produce and appear in the Christmas Concert and the Headmaster, J.D. Neil wrote in my Report Book ... "His successful production of the school concert augurs well for his future in that kind of work." How prophetic Mr Neil, for I did indeed continue in "that kind of work" and became a BBC TV Director and Producer, and for the last few years of my career also presented in front of the cameras. But, even so, nothing can assuage that ache of longing to be on that magical temporary stage in Big School.

Incidentally it would be of interest to many of us if a full (dated) list of QEGS plays could be published in the Newsletter, or if not, then on the web.

PS For part of the war my father was in the Royal Observer Corps. One of his colleagues was Mr. L. H. Mottram. They spent many nights together in the observation post at Cannon Hill. Dad would teach Motty aircraft recognition and Motty would teach my father the stars and constellations.

BRIAN EVANS (1944-51)

Unfortunately, I have to miss out on this year's Christmas reunion lunch on the 28th Nov. My wife and I fly out to Nairobi on the 27th, to spend Christmas with our daughter and family in Kenya. I was disappointed to have missed the dedication in the Minster of the memorial plaque to Lady Meg. What memories the staff photo brought back! The photo must have been taken after the summer of 1951, when J.C. Airey and I left!!

I was especially delighted to see 'Jack' Bennett in the group. He was the new Art teacher, newly out of the Royal College of Art (ARCA) (1950) and was responsible for encouraging me to apply to the Municipal College of Art, Bournemouth, where I eventually gained my ATD, and started my teaching career as an Art and Design teacher. I retired after thirty years service, mostly with the Hampshire authority.

Mr Bennett's sketches and stage designs graced Big School in the 1950's production of "*Twelfth Night*" (I played Maria to Ken Bartlett's Sir Toby Belch, and was produced by Mr. L. Mottram).

Sadly, Mr Bennett died shortly afterwards with polio.

KEN BARTLETT (1944-52)

(A letter arrived shortly before Christmas from our most distinguished former Head Boy, Ken Bartlett in Norfolk. Ken wrote kindly of my recent book Dorset Journey which evidently stirred some old memories.)

I am now enjoying a trip down Memory Lane. The whole book is eminently readable and full of things I had forgotten but, more importantly, things I hadn't known or realised.

Your writing about Bridport and West Bay brought back many memories of wartime holidays there and obligatory swimming sessions in the harbour. Father was a stalwart of the water polo team and swimming club. He was also a noted player in the Bridport Football Club. His ashes were later scattered in West Bay. Mother, of course, was Dorchester born and bred, one of ten children. Hey ho! Happy days.

(Kenneth included in his letter a Times cutting on Richard Todd. He also makes an intriguing reference to another figure, George Trinkle).

I have also included a cutting from the same paper (different day) of correspondence from a certain "George Trinkle". With a name like that, there surely cannot be another George T. in the whole wide world. Although GT mentions Suffolk as his present home the reference to Dorset means it must be George from Corfe Mullen. I have not seen him since I left Wimborne. No doubt you can recall him when he played the part of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in 'Mottie's production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Gosh! all that now seems aeons ago.

In mentioning Richard Todd, 'Gaffer' Jeffries could have been at Wimborne at the same time. 'Gaffer' was living in Bournemouth at one stage. Is he still alive? Who was 'Gaffer' Jeffries, you might well ask. I haven't got space or time to answer that one; maybe another day. *(Does anyone have news of the mysterious 'Gaffer' Jeffries or George Trinkle?)*

I really must make an effort to get down for a summer re-union before its too late. It is one hell of a drive from here. The words dual carriageway have not entered the Norfolk vocabulary yet. However, I should not use that as an excuse.

I have just read this through and my apologies for any errors and omissions. At 1am it is hardly surprising. The heating is off. Best place now is bed!! Have a good Christmas. Well done with the book, best wishes.

(Ken, so many of your old friends would love to see you if you are able to journey south)

ALAN CRUMPLER (1953 - 58)

Since leaving in 1958 I worked at Wimborne Radio for 7 years, teaching in Liverpool for 15 years, making musical instruments and running a business in Leominster here for the last 25 years and 'retiring' - ha - ha - for the last 5, during which I have never been so busy, doing classical music location recording for various people (Naxos etc) as well as our own label, teaching young musicians, playing in a renaissance wind band - The Border Waites - and running a few various organisations connected with the Arts generally. You can find a few details on the Web under my name.

I recently attended the memorial service of John Emery and said a few words etc. He left Wimborne to take up a post of Assistant Lecturer in Music at a newly-formed Teacher Training College in Liverpool and came into Wimborne Radio one day when I was grovelling on the floor putting together a TV aerial, prior to putting it up on someone's chimney, kicked the aerial and said, 'Come to Mott (the shortened name of the College) Crumpler, and get yerself edjucated', in his customary style! So I did, hence the change to Liverpool and teaching. By coincidence, David Blott, organist of the Minster, also got a job as Head of Department at another TT College in Warrington, quite nearby. And so we all got together up there over the years. One of the pupils, Elaine Hooker, was the first person at the school to have got a pass in S Level music, in the days

when exams meant something, and went on to become a successful soprano under her married name of Elaine Barry. Funnily enough I admired that voice over the years without realising that it was Elaine! She unfortunately died about 10 years ago from cancer. But before that she had successfully survived an operation for a brain tumour and was a member of the Purcell Consort of Voices, a leading early music vocal ensemble founded by Grayston Burgess, whom I was to meet in 1982 and form the Border Marches Early Music Forum to run practical courses in singing, playing and dancing.

P.S. When John arrived at the school he commented that it was the first school he had ever been to where on the staff were an Angell, a Maiden and a Hoare!!

GEOFFREY CARTRIDGE (years unknown)

It was very good to receive the Newsletter. Today in Adelaide it is 41 degrees and I turned 60 not so long ago. QEGS holds some great memories for me and I still have a few pieces of memorabilia. Mr Woolley in 1963 supervised us making oak coffee tables and I still have mine. It has survived many accidents and still looks as it originally did. I have my (still rolled up) school photo from 1964 and although I have lost contact with all but Graham McNeill and Guy Russell I remember many names.

The heat brings to mind memories of the Stour frozen over, of swans stuck in the ice on the playing field, and of thawing out frozen fingers in the radiators after a chilly ride from Corfe Mullen. memories of dark evenings, rain-drenched and waiting for a bus home after choir practice. Names of teachers, 'Frosty' Hoare, Emery, Swinnerton, Holman . . . are they still with us? (*Sadly all deceased. Ed*) memories of bottles of warm milk on the verge of being 'off', of dreadful Wednesday school meals! Why Wednesday? Mr Kerswell, the Deputy Head was on duty. It was always roast beef/mutton, cabbage, potato and gravy. Often followed by prunes and custard. Attempts to hide the stringy, gristly and unappetizing mess was fraught with disappointment. The eagle eyes of Kerswell could spot any subterfuge. We viewed with some awe the ancient cakes perched upon the tops of the memorial plaques in the main hall, the result of accurately ballistics by the 6th formers. Of Mr Neill . . . so aloof, so remote and anachronistic for 1964. Keep up the good work!

AUDREY COOPER (née Hallett)

(Audrey taught at WGS / QE between 1956-85)

I wanted a 'Thank You' included in the next Old Winburnians Newsletter. Actually, under the circumstances it has become a double thank you.

As I was unable to attend the November reunion, due to my husband Brian's deteriorating health, I received a Wimborne Minster card signed by twenty-six kind ex-pupils. I was very touched by this and intended writing to you to get a 'thanks' included. But sadly Brian died on January 1st and again the response from my ex-pupil friends has been very special. Carolyn Kamcke, Sue Lawrence, Diana and Len Pearce attended the funeral celebrating Brian's life and I was very touched to see them there giving me support. Q.E.G.S. was a truly happy and respectful school with **very** special pupils. My teaching career there was most enjoyable and the best years of my 31 years teaching experience.

(The following is Audrey's full message)

'I would like to express my gratitude to all Winburnians for their kindness in communicating with me. First of all for the Wimborne card you sent with so many good wishes and signatures which I really appreciated, when I was unable to attend the November reunion. Since then so many kind and thoughtful messages at the death of Brian. The support you have extended to me has been so special. To Carolyn (Kamcke) and Sue (Lawrence) Diana & Len (Pearce) your support and presence at Brian's funeral celebrating his life, helped me so much. I look forward to seeing you all at the next meeting. Audrey.'

(We all send our very best wishes to you, Audrey, and look forward to welcoming you in July)



THE OLD WINBURNIANS

Photograph by the illustrious Geoff Hill.

(Copies of 'Dorset Journey' will be available at the forthcoming reunions with donations on each
(A charity set up in honour of John, from
The book is also available



CHRISTMAS LUNCH , 2008

Originally published in the Editor's *'Dorset Journey'*

copy sold to the OWs, the Weldmar Hospice and the John Thornton Young Achievers. Ferndown, who was killed in action in Afghanistan) directly from the author)

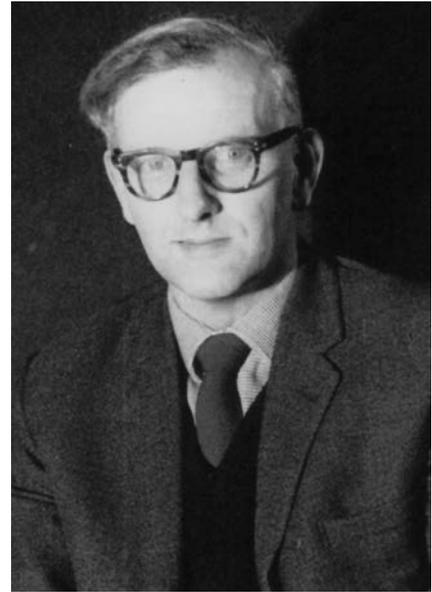
OBITUARIES

JOHN EMERY, TEACHER OF MUSIC 1958 - 1965

David Royce (1958-65) writes:

On arrival at QEGS aged 11, I had already been introduced to classical music at the Saturday morning Ernest Read concerts for young people at the Royal Festival Hall in London where I lived as a child. I always enjoyed music lessons thanks largely to Mr Emery's enthusiasm and his tangible passion.

What I also recall is his eagerness to push the boundaries and to inspire us by presenting new musical landscapes to explore. One such was his wish to stage "*Carmina Burana*" by Carl Orff, a work that is now very popular, yet almost unknown here in those days. Unfortunately it was deemed by 'Neddy' Neil to be too daring and the libretto unsuitable for all us supposedly naive and still immature little Winburnians. How times have changed! Southend boys' choir now regularly take part in the work and have made it their 'signature dish'!



I have the feeling that, if Mr Emery had been allowed to go ahead, he might well have acquired national fame for possibly being the first in the land to stage this wonderful work.

Rob Williamson (1958- 64) writes:

Those with at least some musical ability will have had much greater appreciation of John than I ever could, plus the enjoyment of participating in the events he organised. But as someone completely inept at anything musical I was nevertheless inspired by John's enthusiasm for music and for life. It led me to help and encourage my own children to develop the musical capabilities I never had and I know John was delighted at this influence by proxy.

It also led me to keep in touch with him after we met up at the QE500 celebrations, admiring the way he'd continued a high standard of music-making into retirement with the Crosby Capriol Singers and orchestra. A few years ago I had the pleasure of going to the brilliant final concert he gave as their conductor, and to the wonderfully warm farewell reception they gave for him the next day. His eightieth birthday early last year was a similarly warm occasion, of course with musical tributes.

John's memorial service was held on 14 November 2009 in Bristol. All Saints is a beautiful church: original tower, the rest post-war rebuild, imaginatively done with magnificent stained glass. There were about 70 people at the service. There would undoubtedly have been still more had some family members and close friends not been prevented from attending by their own infirmity, not to mention the driving rain and raging winds. John had asked for "music, laughter and pretty dresses," and all of these were in evidence. The service sheet included John's own "*Agnus Dei*" and Gerald Finzi's "*My Spirit Sang All Day*". A couple of singers spoke about John introducing them to interesting music, including Finzi.

Tributes were affectionate, treasuring John's style, humour and quiriness. A soprano he'd worked with mentioned a string of telephone messages she had received, purportedly from Georg Solti, Colin Davis, etc. The most striking tribute came from Alan Crumpler, who left the school only a term or so after John's arrival, but in that time Alan found him inspirational and motivating. Alan spent the next few years working in a TV shop. Meanwhile, after QEGS, John went to work at a teacher training college, CF Mott. As Alan described it, John breezed into the shop one day and said "Crumpler, what are you doing with your life? Come to Mott": so he applied, went there, and had a fulfilling career as a music teacher himself. So John literally changed his life.

After the lovely service there was a good gathering around a buffet lunch, and a particularly nice touch was that the family put out much of John's CD collection and invited people to help themselves.

Janet Doolaage, (née Pursey) (1958 - 65), writes:

"My name is Emery," said the music master at our first lesson, "And I don't want to hear any cracks about emery board or emery paper!" He said this without asperity and, in fact, we never felt inclined to crack sarcastic jokes about him. On the contrary, we all came to regard him with respect and affection, aware that he was doing his level best to fire us with his own enthusiasm for his subject.

He patiently taught us the tonic sol-fa as we sat in the rather gloomy, lime-tree-shaded room on the ground floor next to the boy prefects' room, and we sang in unison such songs as "*Time, you old gypsy man, will you not stay?*" In that classroom, and later in the Annexe along East Borough, he played us records of his favourite composers, especially Benjamin Britten and Vaughan Williams. It was in John's class that many of us first heard the "*Planets Suite*" by Gustav Holst, and thrilled to the excitement of William Walton's "*Belshazzar's Feast*". Thanks to him, I ordered and bought my very first record (no straightforward procedure in Wimborne in the early 1960s): "*Valse Triste*" by Sibelius on a 45 r.p.m. single. I have it still.

Nor was he content with teaching the compulsory lessons on the syllabus. He also conducted the choir, in which he leavened the sopranos' voices with those of a few boy trebles, whom he sometimes needed to keep in order on the forms at the front. We learned to sing choral works, including Fauré's beautiful "*Requiem*" which we performed in the Minster. "Think of egg-shells," John urged us. "Gloria in egg-shell-sis". He didn't want an ugly spluttering sound on the word "excelsis". Extracts from other works were performed at various concerts, and I can remember rehearsing part of Haydn's "*Creation*" after school. As we sang, something seemed to be wrong with the electrical system, but John ignored it. As we burst out fortissimo "And there was LIGHT", all the lights in Big School came on, and we all, John included, collapsed in giggles. He turned his hand to opera, producing Britten's "*The Little Sweep*", which was duly performed on the stage at Pamphill secondary modern, and he also set up the Chamber Choir for a smaller number of voices. Encouraged by him some really outstanding voices emerged. I wonder whatever happened to Gillian Coomber who, according to John, once reduced the organist David Blott to tears when singing a folk song.

Some of us took piano lessons from him. I can remember my earliest lessons in a little old house on the edge of the Minster churchyard, where John lived when he first came to Wimborne. That house was demolished many years ago. Then he and his family moved to a flat in Mill Lane to which I would make my way with a torch on rainy Tuesday evenings. Once I arrived wearing a less than fetching piece of waterproof headgear. "Is that an inflatable hat?" inquired John deadpan. Finally, I used go for lessons to his small, newly-built house in Stone Lane, which I never thought really suited him: he needed an older, more solid and more spacious setting, I felt. He was never afraid of grand sounds and bold expressions. "Chopin sends me to sleep," he once admitted; but he came to love Chopin in later life. How patient he was with his pupils' stumbling efforts, and never condescending.





QUEEN ELIZABETH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
WIMBORNE

THE CREATION

by

HAYDN

Sung by the School and Minster Choirs

TUESDAY 10th APRIL, 1962

NOELLE BARKER, soprano. DAVID BLOTT, tenor.

GRAHAM SORRELL, baritone.

Orchestra led by CYRIL BELLINGER

Piano continuo, ANTHONY BROWN

JOHN EMERY, conductor

Programme - 4d

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL CHOIR

Trebles: M. Allen, R. Baldry, G. Bates, C. Besant, N. Brown, K. Bush, P. Butson, S. Cox, P. Curtis, *J. Dacombe, K. Drake, T. Eddy, D. Finnamore, P. Fry, *S. Harris, W. Holyoak, J. Horton, *J. Lawes, A. McDermott, B. Overend, P. Romeril, *G. Russell, P. Sinfield, J. Worrall, E. Wright.

Sopranos: M. Amos, H. Barrett, S. Bebb, S. Birch, L. Brewer, E. Chadd, C. Chaffey, S. Cottrell, C. Cousins, J. Cowdry, M. Dacombe, J. Daniels, S. Dixon-Box, G. Foster, S. Froud, S. Fudge, P. Habgood, C. Head, E. Hodson, C. Hoy, R. Hunt, R. Jenkins, J. Jones, M. Kingsbury, L. Larkin, S. Lawrence, H. McIntyre, A. Mackenzie, J. Marsh, S. Moore, J. Ogilvie, W. Old, H. Owen, M. Owens, C. Renson, E. Sharp, S. Small, E. Streets, Janet White, Janether White, D. Wilton.

Altos: M. Bartle, L. Cox, G. Coomber, A. Frazer, E. Gent, V. Jenkins, V. Jones, V. Kenyon, W. King, N. Mann, G. Marshall, G. Millard, J. Milton, K. Morris, J. Pursey, M. Revell, K. Robinson, E. Swinnerton, C. Walking, M. Warren, R. Gilbert, P. Saunders, *D. Woodhead.

Tenors: C. Barnard, P. Boorer, V. Bowden, D. Burbidge, G. Cribb, D. Ferrett, C. Marshall, J.N. Payne, S. Proctor, M. Rideout, D. Royce, J. Slater, Dr. R. Johnson, A. Jones, Esq., P.F. Swinnerton, Esq., R. Woodward, Esq.

Basses: K. Bernthal, R. Cheese, R. Cribb, C. Day, D. Fry, R. Gledhill, V. Hopkinson, D. Melville, I. Osborne, J. Richards, R. Strong, O. Swinnerton, M. Traves, G. Welsh, R. Whittaker, B. Amor, Esq., C. Cowling, Esq., A. Crumpler, Esq., A. Elgar, Esq., J. Goulding, Esq., J. Kearton, Esq., D. Scrase, Esq., T. Yelland, Esq., D. Brook, Esq.,

THE MINSTER CHOIR

Trebles: N.Scott (Head Boy) *D. Woodhead, R. Abraham, S. Brooks, J. Burgess, P. Cowling, D. Dacombe, *J. Dacombe, P. Dacombe, P. Dodd, R. Hadlow, K. Harris, *S. Harris, J. Hiscock, J. Isaacs, *J. Lawes, A. O'Shea, *G. Russell, F. Vine.

Tenors: L. Bartlett, Esq., M. Bartlett, Esq., E. Harris, Esq., R. Holloway, Esq., F. Kerridge, Esq., T. Pope, A. Webb.

Basses: C. Gilbert, Esq., D. Park, Esq., G. Schofield, Esq., I. Wallace, Esq.

* Members of both the School and Minster Choirs.

ORCHESTRA

Violins: Cyril Bellinger (leader), Mrs C. Bellinger, Miss I. Brown, Miss S. Brown, Miss P. Butler, Miss J. Channon, Mrs. M. Daintish, Miss J. Fortnum, D. Shirt, Esq.

Violas: N. McCabe, Esq., M. Daintish, Esq., E. Forster, Esq., Miss N. Williams.

Cellos: H.L. Stott, Esq., Miss E. Bowden-Smith.

Double bass: R. Perham, Esq.

Flutes: Miss E. Waller, J. Hensel, Esq.

Oboes: C. Oxley, Esq., J. Smith, Esq.

Clarinets: R. Harper, Esq., Miss B. Hume.

Bassoons: Mrs T.B. Inman, H. Whitfield.

French Horns: W. Smith, Esq., G. Woodcock.

Trumpets: W. Tiller, Esq., N. Kelsey.

Timpani: Mrs. A. Lockett.

He and I both left the school in 1965, and it was not until I had written some reminiscences for the 500th anniversary edition of *The Winburnian* that, to my surprise and delight, I received a letter from him. "Thumped the piano? Moi?" he wrote indignantly. Of course he didn't thump... I should have said that he – er...played vigorously. After that, we corresponded by letter and email and occasionally spoke on the phone. He was not in good health, and was in and out of hospital. He told me that he was proud of the music that he had composed and which had been performed, but sorrowful that he could no longer play the piano, or even listen to music in comfort, owing to distortion caused by his hearing-aid. However, like all good musicians, when he read music he could hear it in his head. By now, he and his wife, Dorothy, were living in Bristol, the town where I was born and where I had attended university. He more than once urged me to come and re-visit my birthplace, and just this year (2009) my class-mate David and I had planned to drive there together, the day after the summer reunion. But at the last minute, a message came through that John was once again in hospital, and we had to cancel the trip. I hoped that it was only a postponement, but it was not to be. John died on 29 September.

Nearly fifty years later, I still find myself humming tunes that we learned under his guidance. As I wrap Christmas presents, I remember "An earthly tree, a heavenly fruit it bear,/ A case of clay contained a crown immortal" by William Byrd, and Cornelius's "Three kings from Persian lands afar/ To Jordan follow the pointing star". Today, the melody of the dirge for Fidele from "*Cymbeline*" has been running through my head:

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages.
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Thank you, dear John, for all your kindness and your inspiration.

DENNIS MOORES (1945 - 50)

Dennis was born in 1934, the eldest of three brothers. At that time the family lived at Colehill, later moving to Walford. He attended WGS from 1945 to 1950. After leaving school he attempted to join the Police Force but was rejected due to his height. He began an apprenticeship as an electrician and, at a time of National Service, his call up to the Forces was deferred until he was fully qualified when he joined the Royal Air Force.

As an electrician Dennis worked all over the south of England on many major contracts and, in 1958, he married Marianne Browne. She opened a florist shop near Eastbrook Bridge and Dennis assisted her when he could. The enterprise was a success and he joined her in the business. When they retired they went to live at Bloxworth, where the village church was crowded for his funeral service on Monday, 22 February. Dennis and Marianne had one daughter and two Grandsons.

WILF PALMER (1922-28)

I am deeply saddened to report that Wilf Palmer, our oldest member, passed away on April 16 2010, aged 97. A full tribute to Wilf will appear in our next edition. In the meanwhile we send our condolences to his family and friends.

MEMORIES OF LIONEL JEFFRIES

(Born June 10, 1926. Died February 19, 2010, aged 83)

WGS dates (probable according to Derek Stevens) **September, 1937 to December, 1943.**

A 'trainboy' from Verwood to Wimborne, his travelling companions included Lawson Hall, Don Hibberd and Dennis Hames.

School achievements.

2nd in Under 14 220 yards handicap (not bad for a 11 year-old, comments Derek).

Participated in school boxing tournament, 1941.

2nd in U15 high jump.

Sergeant I/c No.1 platoon of the Cadet Force (Joe Mottram CSM).

Probationary prefect, early 1943.

School Cert, July 1943.

Left school December, 1943 to join the Army.

(All information supplied by Derek Stevens from his archive)

WHEN a teenaged Lionel Jeffries took to the stage for some of Wimborne Grammar School's drama productions in the early 1940s, there were some even then who thought they might be seeing a star in the making.

"I always thought he would be an actor – and he thought he would too!" says Ruth Haine, who saw him play the title role in the Chinese play *Lady Precious Stream*. "He was very good." Ruth (nee Holloway) and her friend Jean Godson (now Jean Wells) were about 15 when they became close friends of Jeffries, who died last month, and his friend George Webb.

The girls were pupils at Parkstone Grammar School, returning each day to Wimborne railway station, where the boys would usually be waiting for their train to Verwood.

"They were both very nice

chaps. We got on very well and went about as a foursome," says Ruth, who still lives in Wimborne. She remembers an incident following a visit to the Tivoli Cinema.

"My mother had given me a florin [2 shillings, now 10p], saying I had to pay for myself," she says.

"Jean and I both tried to give the boys the money but they threw it back.

"I didn't manage to catch mine and it went down a drain by the Minster wall.

"We looked for it in the drain but couldn't see it." The teenagers lost touch with each other when the boys, who were a couple of years older, left school and were called up for war service. By a sad coincidence, Lionel Jeffries' death aged 83 came just two months after the death of Richard Todd, who also cut at least some of his acting teeth with the Queen

Elizabeth's Grammar School Dramatic Society.

The society was founded in 1928 by English teacher Leonard "Motty" Mottram and flourished for many years under his leadership. Todd and Jeffries were the most famous of several pupils who were inspired to take up careers in the theatre. As reported in this column in December, Richard Todd performed in school plays at Wimborne in 1933 and 1934.

Lionel Jeffries, who lived in Station Road, Verwood, where his family had a garage, was born in 1926 so

(My good friend, Roger Guttridge, has kindly agreed to let us publish his piece which originally appeared in The Stour and Avon Magazine.)

would have started at Queen Elizabeth's School a few years after Todd's departure. Research by volunteers at the Priest's House Museum indicates that he had a part in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* in 1942 and played "Precious Stream, the third daughter" in *Lady Precious Stream* in 1943. A school magazine report on the Chinese production notes: "Another difficulty concerns the ladies. Boys who played very bull-like rugby on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons were given the task of portraying very Chinese women. Perhaps it is here that imagination comes in useful."

At Christmas 1943, Jeffries compered the annual school concert. The *Winburnian* reports: "This year the production was in the hands of L C Jeffries, who proved himself a vivacious and amusing comper."

By 1944, the aspiring actor was doing his bit for King and Country. The school magazine reported that he was one of four old boys who had "met in a training battalion in Ireland" and later that he was on active

service with the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. He went on to enjoy a long and a varied stage, film and television career, playing such diverse roles as Grandpa Potts in *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* (1968) and the Marquess of Queensbury in *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (1960).

He also directed the acclaimed 1970 film *The Railway Children*, starring a young Jenny Agutter.

Unlike Richard Todd, who paid only lip-service to his time in Wimborne, Jeffries maintained an interest in the area, becoming president of Verwood Amateur Dramatic Society and supporting local charities while based for a time at Westbourne. But he came to regret a return visit to his old school opposite Wimborne Minster, where he found that a Georgian building had been replaced by post-war architecture (also since replaced) that he likened to "something out of Belsen".

"It was the most horrendous experience of my life. I will never go back to Wimborne again – it's too upsetting," he said.



Verwood looking towards Cranborne in the 1940s, when Lionel Jeffries' parents kept the garage whose petrol pumps can just be seen right of centre

Stour and Avon Magazine 12/3/2010 www.stourandavon.co.uk

Actor and director who was a prolific performer before making the much-loved film 'The Railway Children'

LIONEL JEFFRIES, who died yesterday aged 83, was a character actor, screenwriter and director; his most lasting legacy was probably *The Railway Children*, which he brought to the screen in 1970.

As an actor, the bald, bewhiskered Jeffries showed a facial mobility and excellent comic delivery that turned him into one of the best-known bumbling figures in British cinema; and however brief his appearances, he was always an asset in films that ranged from *The Colditz Story* and *The Quatermass Experiment* to *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* and *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*.

He gave a fine performance as the Marquess of Queensbury in the latter film, positively seething with rage when Wilde, played by Peter Finch, replies to his gift of a cauliflower with the line: "Thank you. Whenever I look at it I shall think of you."

But it was as the director of *The Railway Children*, one of the most enchanting films ever made for young people, that Jeffries left his mark on the history of cinema; and it was one of his own children who provoked this change of career from acting to direction.

One day his eight-year-old daughter Martha came to him with a book. It was Edith Nesbit's Edwardian classic, a gentle tale of young Edwardian adventurers round and about a Yorkshire railway line, and as she handed it to him she told her father: "I think that would make a good film."

Jeffries promptly bought — for £300 — a short option on the film rights. But no producer seemed interested, and for another £300 he extended the option. This time he was backed by the producer Bryan Forbes, who approved the script and agreed that Jeffries should direct.

Jeffries's script and direction, along with the acting of Bernard Cribbins, Dinah Sheridan and Jenny

Agutter and the homely tone of the whole enterprise, earned the film its place as a minor classic.

With this success behind him, Jeffries was inspired him to make more films in the genre, coming up with *The Amazing Mr Blunden* (set in 1918, it has a widow and her two children living in a country house haunted by the friendly Mr Blunden); *Wombing Free* (1977) and *The Water Babies* (1978). None of these, though, rivalled the warmth, simplicity, charm, and eye for period detail that distinguished *The Railway Children*.

Jeffries enjoyed making its successors and, undeterred by the indifference of producers to many of his subsequent projects, kept on writing scripts and pestering for their realisation. Eventually he was able to draw only one conclusion: "No one wants family entertainment any more. They want explicit sex."

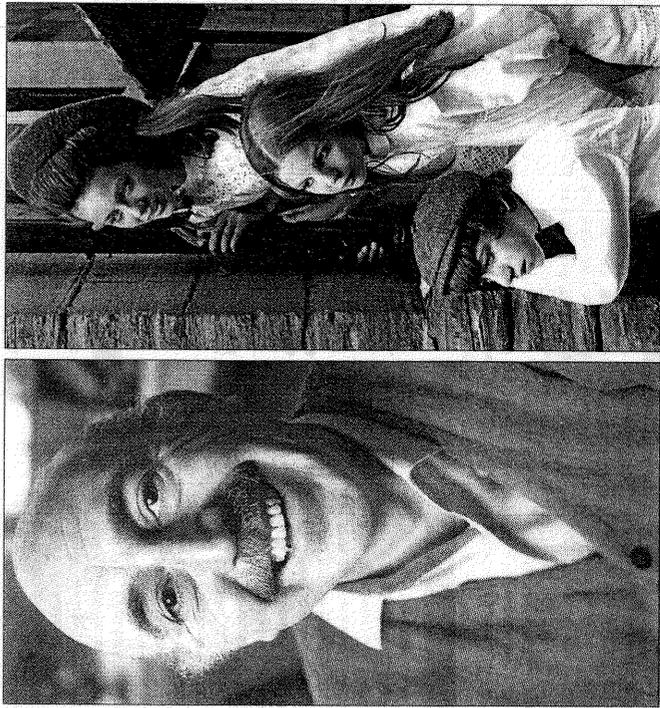
Lionel Charles Jeffries was born in London on June 10 1926; both his parents were social workers with the Salvation Army.

He was educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Wimborne, Dorset. In 1945 he was commissioned into the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, serving first in Burma (where he worked for the Rangoon radio station) and later as a captain in the Royal West African Frontier Force.

After leaving the Army, Jeffries went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he was, he said, "the only bald student". He had lost all his hair by the age of 19, later remarking: "Of course I was upset. Tried a toupee once, but it looked like a dead moth on a boiled egg."

Despite this disadvantage, he won Rada's Kendal Award in 1947, then spent two years in rep at Lichfield.

Work was hard to come by, with one agent informing him: "I can't see you getting anywhere for at least 10 years. You've got a young face but you're bald — meaning



Jeffries: he lamented that 'No one wants family entertainment any more'

you're too young for character parts and not good-looking enough for leading roles."

None the less, Jeffries quickly won his first West End engagement, as Major ATM Broke-Smith in Dorothy VC (1953), with Alec Clunes in the title role. The following season saw him on the London stage as The Father in Peter Hall's production of Lorca's *Blood Wedding* and The Doctor in Jean Giraudoux's *The Enchanted*, both at the Arts Theatre.

Jeffries was soon attracted to the cinema, starting his film career in Alfred Hitchcock's *Stage Fright* (1949). But he made his first real impression as one of the prisoners-of-war in Guy Hamilton's *The Colditz Story* (1954). Jeffries later recalled: "I went to the cast meeting

with holes in my shoes, but I was given the third lead to Eric Portman and John Mills."

Offers of work poured in, and in one year alone he acted in nine different films. In 1955 he was a great success in *Windfall*, and there followed a plethora of successful cameo roles in which he proved capable of summing up both dry comedy and menace. Among them were an inquisitive reporter in the *Quatermass Experiment* (1955);

Gelignite Joe, a diamond robber whom to impersonate a new whose schoolgirl niece contrived for headmistress in *Blue Murder at St Trinian's* (1957); and a sailor charged with trying to prevent the ship's captain from knowing about all the livestock being carried on board in *Up the Creek* (1958).

Other parts included Major Proudfoot in *Law and Disorder* (1958); an army adjutant trying to impose regulations on Anthony Newley's conscripted pop singer in *Idol on Parade* (1959); and a prison officer attempting to discipline Peter Sellers and Bernard Cribbins in *Two-Way Stretch* (1960).

Jeffries continued in this vein for another two decades, samples being *The Hellions* (1961); *The Wrong Arm of the Law* (1963); *First Men in the Moon* (1964); *You Must Be Joking!* (1965); *Rocket to the Moon* (1967); *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* (1968), in which he played Grandpa Potts; and *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1978). In all he appeared in 70 films between 1949 and 1988.

He once said: "I was constantly rewriting the words of the comedy characters I was given to bring them a comic humanity. Most of the people I played were caught in desperation. In their hearts they knew that they were failures — but they would never admit it, even to themselves."

He did not entirely neglect the theatre, treading the boards in the musical *Hello Dolly!* (1984) and — for Ray Cooney's Theatre of Comedy company in 1985-86 — he appeared in three farces, Philip King's *See How They Run*, Ben Travers's *Rookery Nook* and Cooney's own *Two Into One*. In 1987 he was in Shaw's *Pygmalion* on Broadway and, back in the West End three seasons later, in Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*.

His television credits included the title role in *Father Charlie*, about an eccentric priest assigned as spiritual adviser to a convent; the sitcom *Tom, Dick and Harriet*; and the series *All for Love*, *Shillingbury Tales*, and (opposite Peggy Ashcroft) *Cream in my Coffee*.

Lionel Jeffries married, in 1951, Eileen Mary Walsh, who survives him with their son and two daughters.



Part of Cast of 'As you like it' - March 1942 (*L.J. third from right- Back Row*)



1st XI Soccer

L.C. Jeffries (*linesman*) P.H.M. Bannister D.P. Hames G. Hare H. Ames L.D.V. hall P.M. Witterick
 H.H. Marsh G. Webb (*Vice-Capt.*) P.A. Barrow (*Capt.*) E.J. Cox R. Booth

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

(An extract from the Wimborne Grammar School magazine The Winburnian.

Readers will doubtless recognise other familiar names besides that of Lionel Jeffries)

During the last week of term the stage was once more set up in Big School for the annual School Concert. This year the production was in the hands of L.C. Jeffries, who proved himself a vivacious and amusing compere. He was ably supported by J. Thunder, W. Harlow, P. Bannister, R. Booth, M. Wallis, P. James, P. Barrow, G. Bell, M. Humphries, L. Hall and B. Legg, whose work behind the scenes helped to make the show a success; while A.A. Henning accompanied at the piano for most of the musical items.

The Concert opened with the spirited singing of 'The Crest of the Wave', by the Chorus and Caste, accompanied by the Orchestra. Then followed a series of Black-out Sketches in which P. Witterick, K. Holloway, P. James, J. Thunder, D. Hames, D. Sanders, D. Pope, J. Mottram and R. Gorringe took part. These same actors, with the addition of I. Wooster were responsible for another item, 'Happy Days', in which Mottram, with one eyebrow characteristically raised, faced a riotous class with remarkable equanimity. Most of these indefatigable performers, together with A. Fry, R. Perry, R. Longman and O. Blake, finished the first half of the concert with a partly musical number entitled 'Old Bill and Son', in which scenery and lighting effects combined to produce some very effective tableaux.

K. Holloway contributed a solo item, and his Negro Melodies, played on the accordion, were well received by the audience. Another individual effort came from J. Wiseman, who sang 'Holy Child' and 'I'll Walk Beside You'. D. Stanley's pianoforte solos gained well deserved applause, but what the audience appreciated most was his own composition 'Impression of an Air Raid'.

During the interval, the Orchestra, under the direction of Miss K. Daniels, and comprising of Violins (Miss M. Holmes, Mr L.H. Mottram, J. Brooman, I. Kidd, G. Webb and R. Wise), Drums (M. Fey), and Piano (Mr R. C. Candy) played Selections from Faust and a medley of well-known tunes.

Then came IVa's play, 'Wanted, Mr Stuart', which, serious though it was, proved to be one of the high-lights of the programme and showed some promising acting. Sir Edgar Harcourt was played by B. Yoing, Robert by D. Searle, the Landlord by D. Arditti, Philip Maunsel by M. Malynn (A. Thrasher in 1st performance) and the soldiers by D. Pressley, D. Habgood, and A. Hollick.

The next sketch was a complete contrast. Witterick, as an irate Colonel, took a somewhat public bath to the uproarious delight of the audience. Then followed a Mime, 'The Tall, Tall Castle', put on by IIIb. D.C. May obviously enjoyed acting the angry father and A.J. Brickell made quite a dashing hero. Others taking part were J. Hulbert, D. Atkins, G. Tofield, J. Wiseman, H. Feltham, B. Chetwynd, and P.B. Trinkle.

The Concert ended on a patriotic note with the singing of 'Land of Hope and Glory', by the Cast and Chorus, accompanied by the Orchestra.

K.D.



BIG SCHOOL (West End)

(Where so many Winburnians first trod the boards)

(As always I would like to thank Jenni at Wimborne Print Centre for all her painstaking work on our behalf)